The Long Game

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20749319.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Characters:	Original Characters, Original Female Character(s)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of Possession Is Nine Tenths Of The Law
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-23 Words: 1,167 Chapters: 1/1

The Long Game

by MissLuluBee

Summary

Tabitha has been captive for weeks now, slowly giving the facade of breaking down.

Soon enough, the time she's been waiting for is signaled

Notes

A little Tabby work setting up ready for the next one in the series which will be all hell breaking loose for Darko.
This one is on the shorter side, which is why I managed to get it edited and out today, please enjoy.

As always, unbeta'd, all mistakes are my own.

Comments and criticism welcome

The next time Tabby saw Darko again was after four weeks of being moved from location to location - always with a bag over her head so she had no idea where she was in relation to anything else. Currently, she was locked in a bedroom with only a ball gown hanging in the closet. It was obvious what was expected of her, but she wasn't going to let him think he'd broken her fully. Not yet anyway.

It had been days upon days of beatings from men loyal to Darko, the more brutal ones had come from the goons who had lost friends during Hannibal's hostile take back of Tabby all those years ago. She'd given the impression of losing all hope over the course of the beatings, not wanting it to look too easy, she'd continued to fight back even as her strength diminished, loudly screaming threats for him to hear in both English and their native Romanian.

There were five men she had on payroll, one for each of the guard shifts in the house but they couldn't risk too much contact with the female for fear of arousing too much suspicion. Each man made sure she got water and a small bite to eat when they came to check on her and helped her out by revealing as much info about the layout of the house as possible, and what was going on back at home - messages from the family and the like.

Tabitha wasn't so keen on hearing messages from her lovers at first, it hurt too much to know that being missing had put their lives in limbo, just like they had when Will had given himself up but as the weeks went by, she found that the only way to keep her strength going was to hear the words of encouragement from them all.

When Darko unlocked the door to the bedroom, Tabitha kept herself dead centre of the bed with her hands in her lap. She didn't even bother to look up at the male as he crossed the room to stand at the base of the bed, hands tucked into his pants pockets as he fixed his gaze on her bloodied and bruised body, dressed in the filthy remnants of the clothes they'd abducted her in.

"Are you not going to look at your master, Tabitha?" He said, boredom clouding his tone.

Tab rolled her eyes to herself then lifted her head to stare at him, defiance burning from her blackened and swollen eyes, "Is this better? Or would you prefer I knelt on the floor so you can really feel like you have power over me?"

Darko chuckled, genuinely amused that despite everything she'd been through in the last month, she was still clinging onto the fact that Hannibal had switched her from a Sub to a Dom, "That attitude of yours is waning, my love. Soon you will welcome me back into your arms and your bed."

The female barely managed to suppress the gag that bubbled up, instead she clenched her jaw and fixed her eyes back on her lap.

Half smirking, the male rounded the bed and sat on the edge, observing that even as he put himself in close proximity to the redhead, she didn't flinch or attempt to move away - that was significant progress, only another couple of weeks and he'd have her so beaten down that he'd allow her to walk the house with supervision.

“Dearest Tabitha, you know deep down in your heart that I am only doing this for you. We are meant to be together and that wannabe has poisoned you against me.” He said softly, reaching out to stroke his thumb across her cheek, half smiling when she didn’t move away - even though she didn’t make any move to acknowledge it either, she just kept staring at her lap.

“Come now, Tabby. Have a shower, get dressed and we’ll have a civilised dinner downstairs. Either that or you continue to be starved slowly by the guards until you comply.” He gestured to the ball gown that had been strewn on the floor as soon as Tab had seen it, “It’s your colour.”

Tabitha closed her eyes over and took a breath, counting to ten before opening her eyes again to continue ignoring the male, eventually he was going to get the point that she wasn’t about to let him win so easily.

Darko dropped his hand with a growl and stood up, “Fine, you shall continue to starve.” He stated, crossing the room and closing the door after him.

Waiting until the sound of footsteps had receded down the marble stairs, Tabitha wiped angrily at her face, trying to stop her skin from crawling where he’d touched her; One step closer.

***

Another month and a half passed at the same painful pace, messages from the family were all Tabitha had nowadays - she couldn’t bite back at Darko now, she’d let him think she was breaking down completely.

Days were spent either locked in her bedroom or walking around under guard in areas that had been pre-approved by Darko. God forbid she came anywhere near anything of importance, not that it mattered, the men she had on payroll told her everything she needed to know about his operation and how to take it over once she’d taken him out.

Still refusing to dress up like a doll, Tabitha was allowed to wash and dress as she wished in exchange for sitting down to eat in the dining room, she kept quiet and only spoke when spoken to, that was half an act and half to keep her from murdering her captor at the drop of a hat.

Tabby was fast approaching the three month stage when she decided to finally put the plan into action - the thing that had spurred her into it? A box left on her bed, wrapped with a bow and tag that read; My darling Tabitha, a gift for you. Please dress and Nicolae will bring you to me. Love, D.

She didn’t need to open the slim box to know what it was, she’d been down this road before as an adolescent and she knew his tricks. Nevertheless, she couldn’t help but smile at the tag; Nicolae was the first man they’d had in place since the plan’s conception, he was the one who’d worked his way up through the ranks violently in order to secure a place in the inner circle, and he was the one who’d be standing guard tonight. This was perfect.

Barely sparing a glance at the still closed box, Tabitha smiled to herself as she headed to the bathroom to get herself a shower. In order for this to work right, she had to play coy, he wanted her to sleep with him again, the final straw to completely break her but little did he know it was the one moment she'd been counting on for all this time.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!